

3523
1665
35
921
Copy 1

No Plays Exchanged

**BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS**

PATSY

Price, 25 Cents



WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY
BOSTON

Plays for Colleges and High Schools

	Males	Females	Time	Price	Royalty
The Air Spy	12	4	1½ hrs.	35c	\$10.00
Bachelor Hall	8	4	2 "	35c	\$5.00
The College Chap	11	7	2½ "	35c	Free
The Colonel's Maid	6	3	2 "	35c	"
Daddy	4	4	1½ "	35c	"
The Deacon's Second Wife	6	6	2½ "	35c	"
The District Attorney	10	6	2 "	35c	"
The Dutch Detective	5	5	2 "	35c	"
At the Sign of the Shooting Star	10	10	2 "	35c	"
The Elopement of Ellen	4	3	2 "	35c	"
Engaged by Wednesday	5	11	1½ "	35c	"
The Chuzzlewitts, or Tom Plach	15	6	2¼ "	35c	"
For One Night Only	5	4	2 "	25c	"
Hamilton	11	5	2 "	60c	\$25.00
Constantine Pueblo Jones	10	4	2¼ "	35c	Free
Excuse Me	4	6	1¼ "	35c	"
The Hoodoo	6	12	2 "	35c	"
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl	9	9	2 "	35c	"
Katy Did	4	8	1½ "	35c	"
Let's Get Married	3	5	2 "	60c	\$10.00
London Assurance	10	3	2 "	25c	Free
Lost a Chaperon	6	9	2 "	35c	"
A Foul Tip	7	3	2 "	35c	"
The Man Who Went	7	3	2½ "	35c	\$10.00
The Man Without a Country	46	5	1½ "	25c	Free
Master Pierre Patella	4	1	1½ "	60c	"
How Jim Made Good	7	3	2 "	25c	"
Just Plain Mary	7	13	2 "	35c	"
Line Busy	5	19	1½ "	35c	"
Mr. Bob	3	4	1½ "	25c	"
Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard	4	7	2 "	35c	"
Nathan Hale	15	4	2½ "	60c	\$10.00
Patty Makes Things Hum	4	6	2 "	35c	Free
Professor Pepp	8	8	2½ "	35c	"
A Regiment of Two	6	4	2 "	35c	"
The Private Tutor	5	3	2 "	35c	"
The Rivals	9	5	2½ "	25c	"
Silas Marner	19	4	1½ "	25c	"
When a Feller Needs a Friend	5	5	2¼ "	35c	\$10.00
Sally Lunn	3	4	1½ "	25c	Free
The School for Scandal	12	4	2½ "	25c	"
She Stoops to Conquer	15	4	2½ "	25c	"
Step Lively	4	10	2 "	35c	"
The Submarine Shell	7	4	2 "	35c	\$10.00
The Thirteenth Star		9	1½ "	35c	Free
The Time of His Life	6	3	2½ "	35c	"
Tommy's Wife	3	5	1½ "	35c	"
The Twig of Thorn	6	7	1½ "	75c	"
The Amazons	7	5	2½ "	60c	\$10.00
The Conjuror	8	4	2¼ "	35c	\$10.00

BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

PATSY

A Comedy for Female Characters
In Two Acts

"Her real name was Patricia, but thus she did
decide,
That if they called her 'Patsy,' she need not
be dignified."

By

Mrs. FANNIE BARNETT LINSKY

Author of "Forest Acres," etc.



BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

1921

PS3523
.I665 P35
1921

PATSY

CHARACTERS

MISS LUCRETIA LANE, "*Aunt Lu.*"

NITA FARRELL, *her niece.*

RUTH FIELDING, *Nita's chum.*

BEATRICE EDWARDS }
PHYLLIS EDWARDS } *twins. } Nita's friends.*

OTHER GIRLS

HILDA WILLIAMS, *an insurance agent.*

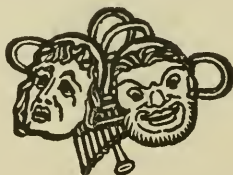
PATRICIA MULDOON, *the maid.*

SCENE.—The living-room and library of "Lanescote," the home of Miss Lane and her niece.

TIME.—The Present.

ACT I. Afternoon. Three days before the wedding. June.

ACT II. The next day.



COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY FANNIE BARNETT LINSKY
As author and proprietor.

*Professional stage and moving picture rights
reserved by the author.*

SEP 15 1921 ©CLD 58626



no 1

SCENERY

The room should be furnished in a manner suitable to a home of wealth and culture. Library setting. Piano and bookcases conveniently placed. Library table, up R., to be sort of table that would serve as dining table as well. Newspapers and books scattered on it. Also bon-bon dish containing candy.

Mirror on wall above bookcase. Small table suitably placed containing telephone—if possible concealed by "telephone doll" or any handsome covering.

Large elaborate screen shutting off rear corner L.

Cedar chest or Utility Box on floor near screen.

Tea wagon, containing pitcher and glasses, near hostess when curtain rises.

· Exits down R. and up L., presumably to other rooms. Door at rear L., presumably to grounds and street. One window in rear wall near door looking out to grounds. Others where convenient. Windows open.

Bell or bell cord, rear wall, to ring for maid. One or two floor lamps if possible, which in first act may be lighted, and in second act may be switched off one at a time to give impression of darkening of room owing to storm.

Summer hats on top of piano, and pretty sewing bags hanging on backs of chairs.

CHARACTERS

MISS LANE is a spinster about fifty, dressed well and becomingly in modern costume befitting her age and wealth. A cultured, refined woman.

NITA and her FRIENDS are dressed suitably for young girls, in pretty summer costumes. The twins to be

dressed alike and one to echo what the other says. The old-fashioned costume for NITA may be any pretty gown of the period of fifty years ago.

HILDA wears a dark dress, and has a business-like manner.

PATRICIA wears the regulation costume for a maid.

PATSY

ACT I

SCENE.—*A living-room in MISS LANE'S house.*

(The curtain rises on group of girls seated about stage in semicircle, with sewing in laps. Babel of voices. Tea wagon near NITA, all apparently just finishing refreshments of lemonade and cookies as curtain goes up. NITA collects glasses, rolls tea wagon out of way and all resume hemming napkins.)

NITA (*jumps up to pass candy*). Really, I think it's awfully nice of you girls to come and help sew on my trousseau. If you do all those napkins for me, I shan't have a thing left to sew after I'm married. I'm pretty nearly all ready as it is. Think of it! Three whole days still to the wedding, and everything done! I never heard of such a thing. But that's all because of Aunt Lu. She's so forehanded, you know—she'd never be guilty of leaving things to the last minute.

RUTH. I think your aunt's a trump, Nita. You always were the luckiest creature! A lovely aunt like Miss Lucretia to bring you up and spoil you and give you everything your heart desired, and now a dandy fellow like my brother Bob to fall in love with you, (*Ducks a sofa cushion which NITA shies at her.*) and marry you. O land! (*Mock envy.*) Why do some girls have everything!

BEATRICE. You've got a nerve, calling your own brother a dandy fellow. You hate yourself, don't you?

PHYLLIS. Yes! Don't you?

RUTH. Well, he is a dandy fellow. Don't take my word for it, ask Nita. (*All laugh.*)

BEATRICE. Oh, Nita, do show us some of your things if you have them all ready. We're simply dying to see them.

PHYLLIS. Simply dying.

NITA. Well, don't die, my children, for goodness' sake. I don't want to be an executioner. I want to be a "blushing bride." So gather round, all of you, and I'll show you some of my collection.

(*Goes to cedar chest. Takes out various pieces of table linen, lingerie, etc. Passes them to girls.*)

RUTH. My, what beautiful things, Nita. Gosh! I begin to think my brother's the lucky one! (*Looks at luncheon cloth.*) And what exquisite embroidery. Who did your monogram like that, Nita?

NITA. Oh, that's Aunt Lu's work. You know she's a wonderful needle-woman. She did most of the initialing on my linens. She's just been perfectly darling to me, anyway, all my life, and she's going to give me a wonderful wedding gift. What it is, she won't tell, but she says it's going to be something fine, and when Aunt Lu says that, you may be sure it will be something worth while. I'm not to know what it is till just before the wedding, and I'm just as curious as I can be. And now, girls—I can't show you my dresses because they're all up-stairs, but I did bring just one down here to show you because it has such an interesting history.

(*Goes behind screen and brings out old-fashioned hoop-skirt gown.*)

BEATRICE. Oh, how lovely!

PHYLLIS. How lovely!

OTHERS. How dear; how adorable! (*Etc.*)

NITA. Well, this dress was my mother's, and the day before her wedding she wore it to have her picture taken in.

RUTH. Oh, yes, I know—that large picture up in Miss Lucretia's room.

NITA. Yes. You see, Mother was Aunt Lu's favorite sister, and when she died, when I was born, Aunt Lu took me and I've been with her ever since. Well, Aunt Lu has taken a notion that I'm to dress up in this same costume to-morrow morning, just as Mother did, and have my picture taken. She says I'll understand why later on. But of course I'd do it to please her anyway. So you'll all see my picture as "an old-fashioned lady."

(Curtseys. While she is speaking, the bell rings.

PATSY goes to door, rear. Comes back with package.)

PATSY. For you, Miss Nita.

(Leaves room by door L.)

NITA *(lays gown across back of chair)*. Wedding presents already! How exciting. *(Opens package.)* By the way, girls, did you notice our latest? That's Aunt Lu's new maid, "fresh from the 'auld sod,'" and she's fresh all right. Aunt Lu and I went down to the office three times to interview her before we could make up our minds to take her. Her name is "Patricia," if you please! *(Holds up silver bonbon dish.)* Oh, girls, isn't this just beautiful? *(Looks at card.)* From Mr. Sherry,—that's Aunt Lu's lawyer. He was here yesterday attending to some business matters. Isn't he a peach to send me such a lovely gift!

RUTH. It certainly is a beauty. You are the luckiest girl! *(Gives her a little hug.)*

BEATRICE. That's a beauty, Nita.

PHYLLIS. Yes, a beauty!

BEATRICE. But really, dear, we girls must be moving. I'm sure it's later than we think!

PHYLLIS. Yes, we must be going.

NITA. Oh, don't hurry, girls. Ruth, you'll stay, won't you? *(RUTH nods.)*

OTHERS. Oh, we must go; it's getting late!

NITA. Well, Ruth and I will walk down the road with you a little way. It's just been lovely of you girls to come and I've enjoyed having you so much. (*GIRLS all put on hats while she is speaking. NITA gets hers from behind screen. Passes dish of candy once more.*) Here, girls, have a last piece before you go. Bob sent me this box from Washington. These caramels are delicious. (*All eat, and chat. NITA rings bell. PATRICIA appears, L.*) Oh, Patricia, please straighten out this room, and hang that dress very carefully away. Tell Miss Lane that Miss Ruth is staying for tea, and that we have just gone down the road a bit with the other girls.

PATSY. Yes, Miss. (*She makes a little curtsy. GIRLS exit, laughing and chatting, PATRICIA gazing after them. Goes to window, back R., and watches them down road. Comes back to C. Folds up linens. Pauses, cloth in hand.*) My, ain't Miss Nita just grand, and ain't that an ilegant hat she wears. Sure I'm thinking that would be most becomin' to my style o' beauty. It must be foine to be rich (*Shakes cloth.*) and purty (*Shakes.*), and engaged (*Shakes.*), and have everything ye want. (*Puts linens in box. Picks up gown. Puts it on hanger. Gives it little shake. Paper envelope falls on floor. PATRICIA does not notice. Goes behind screen with gown. Just then voice of MISS LANE heard calling from next room, "Patricia, Patricia, where are you?" PATSY, aside, emerging from behind screen.*) Sure, now where would I be but here. (*Aloud.*) Here I am in the liberry, Miss Lane. Do you want me?

MISS L. Yes, come here please for a moment. (*PATRICIA starts for door L., sees envelope, picks it up and unconsciously tucks it in pocket of apron. Goes toward door but before she reaches it MISS LANE appears.*) Oh, there you are, Patricia. Never mind if you are busy. Have you seen Miss Nita?

PATSY. Oh, yes, ma'am, she said as how I was to tell you that she wint down the road with the gals, and as how Miss Ruth would stay to tea.

(Continues to straighten up room, very noisily. MISS LANE seats self at table. Picks up newspaper. Watches PATRICIA over top. Starts at each noise. PATRICIA finally tips over chair.)

MISS L. Good gracious, Patricia! Can you not be more careful? I do dislike noise so much.

PATSY. Yes, ma'am, I don't like it mesilf, not a bit of it.

MISS L. Well, then, please make a little less. By the way, did the young ladies seem to enjoy the afternoon?

PATSY. Oh, an' that they did, Miss Lane. And thim all lookin' so purty, and Miss Nita was so happy like; a-showin' thim all the purty things (MISS LANE *nods.*) and they all sewed on the napkins for her, and just in the middle of it all the parcel boy brought Miss Nita a present and I brought it in to her—and dearie me it jest remoinded me of the auld days in Donegal, when we'd all gather together whin anny one was goin' to be married, and we'd —

MISS L. Mercy, child, how your tongue does wag. Don't you ever get tired talking?

PATSY. Sure I niver gets the chance.

MISS L. Well, I surely get very tired listening to you; and how you ever got the name Patricia is more than I can understand.

PATSY. How I ivver got it! Sure I got it because me father giv it to me, that's how! And though it's Patricia that's really me name, sure no one ivver calls me that. It's Patsy I am to everybody. Me father was that disappointed whin he found I wasn't a boy that he vowed I'd have a boy's name anyhow.

MISS L. Yes, yes, that is very interesting.

(Turns back to paper.)

PATSY. But please, ma'am, and will you be callin' me Patsy? The other sounds too dignified for me. Ye see if there's one thing I haven't got it's dignity.

MISS L. *(aside).* I'm afraid there's more than one. *(Aloud.)* Well, I can hardly say that I feel very com-

fortable about calling a young woman Patsy, but if it will make you any happier (*Aside.*) and stop your tongue from wagging, why, I suppose there can be no harm in it.

PATSY. Oh, no, ma'am, no harm at all, sure. I'm not the kind that fits "Patricia" at all, at all. Patsy's more my style. I'd like to go on the stage (*Dances a few steps.*) if I had me own way.

MISS L. Patricia!

PATSY. Patsy, if you please, ma'am. Well, and why not? Is it shocked ye are? Now I don't see why. I think I'd make a foine chorus girl. I may not have dignity but I am graceful.

(*Dances a few steps, humming.*)

MISS L. (*freezingly*). That will do, Patric'—I mean Patsy. I am not interested in your leanings towards the chorus.

PATSY. Oh, I'd not be leaning indeed, Miss Lane. I'd stand up very straight so as to make a good impression on the front row. Why, do ye know me father's cousin's daughter was a maid to a high-tone actress back home, and she looked me over and said I was just perfect all except for one thing.

MISS L. (*trying to read*). Indeed!

PATSY. Yes, ma'am, jest one thing. And ye'd never guess that. (*Coming closer, in a dramatic whisper.*) I've got false teeth!

MISS L. (*shocked*). Good gracious girl! What is that to me?

PATSY (*triumphantly*). There, I knew you never would suspect it! It doesn't spoil me beauty any,—now does it?

MISS L. Impossible!

PATSY (*straightening chairs*). Well, now as I was tellin' ye, me father's cousin's daughter —

(*Enter NITA and RUTH. NITA kisses MISS LANE; RUTH shakes hands.*)

NITA. Hello, Auntie dear, we've had such a lovely afternoon.

RUTH. Yes indeed, the girls were all so interested in Nita's outfit. (*Remove hats. PATRICIA takes them.*)

PATSY. My, but that's an illegant hat, Miss Nita. I always did love that color. (*Puts hats on piano.*)

NITA. Well, if you are extra nice all next week and help Auntie as much as you can, I may give it to you when I get married.

PATSY (*with a curtsey*). Oh, thank you, ma'am.

MISS L. That will do now, Patric'—I mean Patsy. (*The two girls look surprised. Exit PATRICIA, L.*) My, but that girl is a chatterbox. She'll be the death of me yet. Insists that I call her Patsy—says Patricia's too dignified. How do you like that?

NITA. Well, she's smart, just the same. Several times I've sent her on errands and she really used a little common sense—that's more than most of them will do. Oh, and Auntie, did you see the lovely gift that Mr. Sherry sent me?

MISS L. Why no!

NITA (*goes to piano, takes down box containing gift, accidentally knocks down dish containing chocolates*). Goodness! I guess all the excitement has gone to my fingers.

MISS L. Never mind, dear, don't let it unnerve you. (*Rings bell. PATRICIA appears.*) Patsy, please pick up the candy. Miss Nita accidentally upset the dish. (*All three look at the gift.*) Well, that is certainly very nice, dear, for a first gift. I am sure there are many more even nicer ones coming later.

(*Pats NITA's cheek. Picks up paper once more. RUTH takes magazine. NITA strolls to piano. Puts gift on top. Drums a few notes. If possible, might play and sing a little song. Meantime PATRICIA, on all fours, picks up caramels. Glances quickly at others, sees no one looking, slips piece of candy in her mouth. Continues to hunt for moment, suddenly springs to feet in great distress. Makes numerous facial contortions but does not speak.*)

NITA (*suddenly*). Oh, Auntie dear, suppose we have

our dinner in here to-night, since we are just the three of us. Ruth's not company now. I think it's lots more cozy than the dining-room.

MISS L. (*looking up*). All right, dear, I'm perfectly willing. Patsy, will you please set places for the — Good Heavens, what is the matter?

(RUTH *jumps up. Knocks over chair in excitement.*

NITA *rushes forward, seizes PATRICIA by arm, shakes her.*)

RUTH. Heavens, I think she is going to have a fit. I'll get some water.

(*Rushes out and back with glass.*)

NITA. Have you got a pain? Can't you tell me where it hurts you?

(MISS LANE *wrings hands agitatedly. PATRICIA motions wildly with hands. Shakes head. Points to candy dish.*)

MISS L. I don't understand what she means, do you?

RUTH. Do you suppose she wants some candy?

(PATRICIA *makes gurgling sound, shakes head violently. Finally opens mouth with sudden jerk.*)

PATSY (*half inarticulately*). It was a caramel. Me teeth. (*Rushes from room, R.*)

MISS L. (*with little shriek throws up hands and bursts out laughing*). Well, bless my soul, did you ever hear anything like it? (*Laughs again. The girls look mystified.*) Why—er—ha-ha-ha, the creature just confessed to me that she had false teeth, and the caramel must have stuck to them. Ha, ha, that girl will be the death of me yet. (*GIRLS laugh heartily.*)

NITA (*wiping eyes*). Ha, ha, poor Bob's nice chocolate caramels all the way from Washington. Well, well, I'll keep the candy out of sight from now on. Come on, Ruth, we'll get the table ready and give Patsy a chance to collect her scattered wits and teeth.

MISS L. I guess I'd better go and see if she's all right. I never know exactly what to expect of her.

[*Exit, R.*]

(NITA and RUTH move table c. stage.)

NITA (*going behind screen*). Here's the cloth, Ruth. I'll bring all the dishes in here. (*Leaves room, L.* RUTH *spreads cloth, etc.* NITA *reappears with tea wagon containing dishes, silver, etc.* The two girls proceed to set table.) Bob said he might get back to-night some time. He promised to call up if it wasn't too late.

RUTH. Yes, he told Mother he might get home either to-night or some time to-morrow. Isn't it to-morrow you are to sit for your picture, Nita?

NITA. Yes, in the morning. Do you know, I think it's rather queer that Aunt Lu should want me to wear that old-fashioned gown of Mother's, because Auntie really is very up to date in most things, but when I suggested that we have the dress fixed up a bit modern she didn't seem to want me to a bit, so I wouldn't think of hurting her. I'd really prefer wearing a dark dress or suit, and that hat. (*Nodding to where hat rests.*) I'm awfully fond of that purple hat.

RUTH (*drily*). Patsy seems to share your fondness for it.

NITA (*laughs*). Why, so she does—but then no harm, she's young and I suppose she likes pretty things. (*Glances at wrist.*) Pretty nearly time for tea; ah, here you are, dear.

(*Enter MISS LANE, R.*)

MISS L. Everything's ready; we'll sit right down. (*They sit.*) Well, Patsy seems quite subdued for the moment. Sh! Sh! (*Enter PATRICIA with first course, and waits on table with marked awkwardness. Trips, and puts hot dish against MISS LANE'S arm. Takes away wrong plate, etc. All eat.*) Do you know, Nita, that I have been thinking that with wedding gifts coming and so many extra valuables in the house, it might be a wise

plan to take out some extra insurance on your things. I believe in an ounce of prevention every time.

NITA. Why, yes, I think that would be a very good idea.

RUTH. Well, Miss Lane, if you do intend to do such a thing (*Mercy! as PATRICIA tips over glass of water.*) I wish you would let me send an old school friend of mine to you. Her name is Hilda Williams, and she's gone into the insurance business since her father died. She's a dear, and I'd really like to put a little business in her way.

MISS L. Why, certainly, Ruth dear. (*Good Heavens! as PATRICIA touches her with hot casserole.*) I am always glad to help any young person just starting out.

RUTH. I'll telephone and ask her to come out here this evening, may I? If you will excuse me I'll do it right now while we are waiting for dessert. (*Goes to 'phone. Gives number.*) Hello, hello, this you, Hilda? Well, Hilda, could you come out to Miss Lane's home to-night on a little matter of business? Yes, Nita's! you know where. Yes, we'll look for you. All right. Good-bye. (*Comes back to table. They finish eating.*) I'm sure Hilda will take care of your business very satisfactorily. She was the brightest girl in school, and every one felt so sorry when her family met reverses and she had to go to work.

(*All rise from table. Enter PATRICIA, L.*)

MISS L. I would like to write a letter before it gets too late, so I'll leave you girls to chat. [*Exit MISS LANE.*]

NITA. Come out on the porch, Ruth, it's such a lovely night.

RUTH. Don't you think you better have a wrap of some sort, Nita? You know we can't have you catching cold just now above all times.

NITA. Oh, Ruth dear, don't be foolish! It's just as warm as it can be! We don't need a thing!

[*Exit both, arm in arm.*]

(*PATRICIA clears table. Puts dishes on tea wagon,*

takes it out. Returns. Shakes out cloth. Telephone rings. She answers.)

PATSY. Oh, hello, hello, who's this? Oh, and is it yersilf? No, it's all right. They're all gone out to gaze at the stars, ha, ha. No, I can talk fer a minit, but no longer. They might be comin' back. And how is it ye are out on yer beat this early? Oh, so ye came out early to talk to me, now did ye? Ye haven't even got yer uniform on. Indeed! Sure you kissed the old Blarney stone all right. What's that? Would I come out and have a word with ye on the corner? Well—now—*(Hesitates. Hears slight noise.)* whist now, hold the line a minit —

(Puts covering over telephone. Enter RUTH.)

RUTH. Patsy, will you please give me a scarf for Miss Nita? It's a little cool out on the veranda, and I don't want her to take cold.

PATSY. Oh, sure, I will, Miss Ruth. *(Goes behind screen and returns with shawl.)* Here it is, Miss Ruth.

RUTH. Thank you, Patsy, that will do nicely. You see we have to be extra careful of Miss Nita this week, so that nothing will mar the plans for the wedding.

[Exit RUTH.]

(PATRICIA rushes to telephone, uncovers it and talks.)

PATSY. Hello, now, are ye there? Oh, sure and I thought ye'd get tired waiting. What? Ye'd never get tired waitin' fer me. Well, now sure and that's very kind of ye. What's that? Oh, will I come out? Well, *(Hesitates.)* well—seein' as how ye've been so patient—I—*might!* But mind ye, I could only stay a minit if I come. I'll just slip out without tellin' any one and I'll have to be back before Miss Lane comes down stairs. All right, then, I'll come right away. On the next block—not too near the house!—Some one might see me. Ah! g'wan with ye! *(Hangs up receiver, takes off apron, rolls it in ball, looks about for place to hide it out of sight. Finally tucks it in behind bookcase.)*

Looks about hurriedly. Pats hair. Goes toward piano. Hesitates. Finally takes NITA's hat, puts it on, surveys self with satisfaction in glass. Aloud.) Sure she said she was goin' to give it to me. I'll only be gone a minute and she'll never miss it. *[Exits hurriedly.]*

(Enter MISS LANE, L. NITA and RUTH stroll in from outdoors, arm in arm. Bell rings. No one appears to answer.)

MISS L. Well, I wonder where Patsy is now!

RUTH. Oh, let me go, Miss Lane; that is probably Hilda now. *(Goes to outer door. Reënters with HILDA WILLIAMS.)* Miss Lane, I want you to know my old school friend, Hilda Williams. This is Miss Lane, Hilda, and this is Nita Farrell, who is soon to be my sister-in-law.

(HILDA shakes hands with both. Removes hat and coat.)

MISS L. I'm so glad you've come up this evening while we haven't any guests, and I'm going to take you right up to my room to talk over this little matter and get it over with, and then the girls may have you for a real social time.

HILDA. Well, I'm sure that will be very nice. *(Turns to go.)* I'll see you girls later.

[Exit HILDA and MISS LANE, R.]

NITA. Dear me, it seems so lonesome here without Bob. Let's play a game of "Canfield," shall we, Ruth?

RUTH. Yes, I'd love to.

(They sit at table, facing audience. PATRICIA stealthily enters at back, breathless, hat in hand. Attempts to replace hat on piano, makes sound. NITA jumps and turns.)

NITA. Good Heavens, Patsy, how you startled me! I had no idea you were there. Where have you been?

PATSY. Where have I bin—why—why—now where would I be, Miss Nita?

NITA. Well, how should I know,—and what are you doing with my hat?

PATSY. Why—why—nothing,—of course. I—I—was just going to put it away for you.

NITA. Well, all right—put it away then, but you don't have to be so stealthy in your movements. You make me nervous. (*Telephone rings. PATRICIA starts to go, L., but stands in doorway listening.*) Oh, perhaps that's Bob. (*Runs to 'phone.*) Hello, hello, yes, this is Nita. Oh, Bob darling, it is you? When did you get in? What? Why, I don't understand you. You've been in town some time! Why, what makes you talk so queer? You what! You've lost all faith in me. Why, what do you mean? You realize how I've been playing with you. You saw me out with another young man. You recognized my hat, (*Getting angry.*) really! That's how I act when I think you're out of town. You were coming up here—well, (*Freezingly.*) don't inconvenience yourself, will you? If that's your opinion, why, it's useless for me to say anything. I don't care what you saw. Good-bye. (*Bangs down receiver and turns to RUTH.*) Well, did you ever hear of such a thing? He said the worst things. He saw me out with another young man, saw me run when he came in sight, and he was so positive and so unjust. I—I—(*Bursts into tears.*) I never want to see him again. I shall break my engagement this minute. (*Sobs.*)

RUTH (*comforts her*). There, dear, now don't take it so hard. I'm sure he didn't mean to be so hasty. Come on up-stairs and we'll talk it over and see what's best to do. [*Exit GIRLS, NITA still weeping.*]

PATSY (*coming to c.*). Glory be to St. Peter, and what a mess I've made now. There'll be the divvil to pay for sure, and I'll lose me job and thin what'll I ever do? (*Begins to sniffle.*) Oh, why was I ever tempted to go out to talk to that old Barry Gilligan at all, at all. Men are the very divvil anyway. (*Goes to window and peers out. Starts back.*) Good Lord, if there ain't Mr. Bob standin' there across the street lookin' over here. I suppose he is decidin' to come in and that'll

be the finish o' me. (*Thinks.*) I know what I'll do. I'll tell him the truth meself, and trust to me Irish luck.

(*Seizes hat belonging to HILDA and rushes out back. Reënter NITA and RUTH, the former still wiping her eyes, latter trying to comfort her.*)

RUTH. Don't feel so badly, dear, I know it will all come out right.

NITA. Well, I wouldn't care if he'd only asked me, but he was so sure. I just can't understand it at all. (*Goes to window. Peers out. Starts back.*) Well! Ruth Fielding, there's your precious brother now, right across the street, and he's walking with a girl. Look at him. (*RUTH goes to window.*) There, he's patting her arm. Very affectionate, I'm sure (*Sarcastically.*) but I must say he might have had the decency to keep a little further away from the house and not flaunt his affairs right in my face. (*Cries again.*) I never would have believed that Bob would do such a thing.

RUTH. But, Nita dear, I'm sure he will explain it all. I know that everything's all right. (*Puts arm about her.*)

(*Enter MISS LANE and HILDA.*)

MISS L. Well, we're all through with tiresome details of business. Why! Why! what is this? Tears? From a girl who is so soon to be a happy bride. What is the trouble?

NITA (*weeping*). I guess there'll be no "happy bride" for me. I shall break my engagement at once, unless certain things are very thoroughly explained by some.

(*Enter PATRICIA, breathless, her hair blown, and hat awry, and with a long box of flowers under arm. Runs to C., gives box to NITA, who looks at her in astonishment. Gives note to MISS LANE; then stands and smiles at everybody. MISS LANE opens note and reads aloud.*)

MISS L. (*reads*). "Ask Patsy"—why, what on earth

does that mean? Ask Patsy—what? Whatever is this all about?

HILDA. Well, I don't know what you are supposed to ask her, Miss Lane, but I'd like to ask her what she is doing with my hat?

PATSY (*hands going quickly to head*). Lord bless us, I fergot all about it. Sure, I only lended it fer a minute. You don't mind, now do you?

MISS L. Patsy! where have you been?

PATSY. Why, I've been out with a young man.

NITA. But where did you get these flowers?

(*Opens box.*)

PATSY. From Mr. Bob, of course.

MISS L. (*throwing up her hands*). Well, I must say I don't understand, and I detest mysteries. For goodness' sake, Patsy, whatever it is I am supposed to ask you, consider it asked, and please straighten out this tangle.

PATSY (*looking as if she enjoyed herself immensely*). Well now, bless your heart, don't get all befoozled (MISS LANE *gives indignant start*.) over a little nothing at all, at all. Now sit ye down here (*Bringing chair.*), and you (*To NITA.*) sit ye there, and you (*To RUTH.*) here, and you (*To HILDA, handing her her hat.*) sit right there. And now I'll tell yez the whole story. (*Stands in c., the others seated about her in semicircle, facing audience, and proceeds in great enjoyment.*) Well now, ye see, I have a frind, and his name is Barry Gilligan, and he's a nice boy, he is, and good lookin' too, and —

MISS L. Yes, yes, but we are not interested in your friends, Patsy. Please get to the important details.

PATSY (*hurt*). Well now, and ain't I comin' to 'em just as fast as me tongue kin travel?

NITA. Yes, yes, but for pity's sake go on!

PATSY. Well now, ye see, Barry, he's on the beat here at the corner and once in a while —

(*As she goes on with graphic description the curtain slowly falls, her voice trailing off to indistinctness.*)

SLOW CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Same as Act I. The next day.*

(*Large vase of flowers on piano. PATRICIA flourishing duster. Bell rings; she goes to door. Enter HILDA.*)

HILDA. Good-morning, Patsy. Is Miss Lane at leisure? I want to see her on a matter of business.

PATSY. But she's not in, Miss Williams. She's gone out this half hour, and do you know (*Voice growing mysterious.*), I think there's something the matter with Miss Lane this morning.

HILDA. Something the matter? Well, no wonder. You don't seem to realize, Patsy, how much your silly conduct yesterday upset Miss Lane. I know she was very angry, and you came mighty near losing your position.

PATSY (*dolorously*). Oh, faith, and I do know that, Miss Williams. If Mr. Bob didn't come in and put in a good word for me and fix it all up with Miss Nita, I don't know where I'd be at all, at all.

HILDA. Well, will you tell Miss Nita that I'm here, Patsy?

PATSY. Faith, and she's not here either. She's all dressed up in her sainted mother's hoop-skirts, and she's went to have her picture taken.

HILDA. Oh, yes, I had forgotten this was the day she was to sit for her picture.

PATSY. But sure, and Miss Lane did seem awful upset over something about that dress. She kept walking all around Miss Nita, and her eyes filled up every time she looked at her—but she kept askin' Miss Nita all the time, "Did you find anything, dear?" or "Anything queer about the dress, darling?" and when Miss Nita went out of the room her aunt kept walking up and down, saying to herself, "How dreadful if it is lost. But I must not let the child know and spoil her picture!" and all such kind of talk.

HILDA. Well, probably it was Nita's dress. It reminds Miss Lane so much of her favorite sister that it upset her.

PATSY. Sure, it may be so, but it didn't seem like that to me.

HILDA. I think I'll wait here a few minutes, Patsy; but if they don't come in soon I'll have to go and come in later.

PATSY. Very well, Miss Williams. [*Exit PATRICIA, R.*]

(*HILDA unbuttons coat and goes to bookcase, looks for book. Finally selects one from lowest shelf, and in taking it out draws with it a very much wrinkled apron. Holds it up.*)

HILDA. Hello, what's this? Some more of that mischief Patsy's doings, I'll wager. If I ever show this to Miss Lane it will certainly be all up with Patsy this time. (*Hesitates.*) Well, I guess I won't be hard on the poor girl. One can't help liking her even if she is such a minx. (*Sits herself at table and attempts to read for a moment, then tosses book aside.*) There's no sign of the folks yet, so I guess I had better not wait. (*Rings. PATRICIA enters.*) Patsy, I don't believe I'll wait any longer. When Miss Lane comes in you may say that I will return later. And, Patsy, by the way, do you know anything about this? (*Holds out apron.*) I found it tucked away on the bottom shelf of the bookcase.

PATSY (*taking apron*). Why, bless my soul, yes. I forgot all about it. It's my apron, of course. I hid it in there yesterday morning when I went out—to see—to see—well, when I went out.

HILDA. It's lucky for you I found it, for I'm afraid Miss Lane is hardly in a mood to excuse any more of your pranks. I'd advise you to be a little more careful in the future.

PATSY (*curtseys*). Yes, ma'am; thank you, ma'am. (*Exit HILDA, L. PATRICIA comes to C., humming, holding apron in hand. Telephone rings. She answers.*) Hello, hello—oh, and it's you, is it? Yes, this is me. You knew it right away? Well now, and aren't you

the discerning crature! And what is it ye want now? Ye're out on the beat early, are ye? And will I come out? Faith, and I will not. Sure, and do ye know all the foine fix I got in by goin' out to talk to ye yesterday? I nearly lost me job. Oh, ye're sorry, are ye? Well, now that's nice of ye, I'm sure! No, I can't come just the same. What's that? Ye're lonesome! Will I give ye something to remember me by? Well, faith (*Looks quickly around room.*), that and I will! Wait a minit! (*Goes to vase and takes out flower. Goes to table, looks all about. Runs to chair, takes up apron, wraps flower in it; goes back to 'phone.*) Are ye there? Oh, ye are, are ye? Well, now, and I've got a souvenir fer ye. Come over on the lawn and I'll throw something out of the window to ye—and mind, I've wrapped it up in me apron, and I want me apron back. How will ye git it to me? Well, let me think. Oh, I know. Ye can watch this window, and whin I'm in here all alone I'll let the shade run up to the top, and that'll be your signal, and ye can roll up the apron and throw it in to me through the window. All right. Foine. Good-bye.

(*Takes up flower, goes to window, leans out and throws bundle out. Comes in. Auto horn sounds outside. PATRICIA runs to door and opens it. Enter MISS LANE, NITA and RUTH. NITA dressed in old-fashioned gown, hair dressed in style of fifty years ago. MISS LANE in street clothes.*)

MISS L. Thank goodness, we're home. Now I must try and collect my thoughts.

(*Removes wraps. PATRICIA takes them out and returns.*)

PATSY. Miss Williams was here, ma'am. She said she'd be back later. Do you wish me for anything else, ma'am?

MISS L. No, no, that will do. (*Exit PATRICIA. MISS LANE walks agitatedly up and down.*) But where do you suppose it could be, child? I tell you I put it in the little pocket in the bodice. I'm sure of it.

NITA. Well, it's the queerest thing, Auntie. It's not



there now, and I know it wasn't there when I put the dress on this morning, because I put the little lace kerchief there just as you told me to.

MISS L. (*interrupting*). You see, I thought that if you put the kerchief there, that you would surely find the paper; and that was the way I was going to surprise you. (*Walks up and down, wringing hands.*) Oh, was there ever anything more unfortunate?

RUTH. Oh, dear Miss Lane, please don't let yourself get all worked up over this. You just sit down here for a minute and try and calm yourself. I'm going to call my brother Bob and tell him the whole story. He's sure to have something to suggest. He's so clever. Or, better still, I'll get him on the line and let Nita talk to him. She can tell him better than I can.

(*Goes to 'phone. Gives number.*)

MISS L. Yes, I think that is a good idea.

RUTH (*at 'phone*). Hello, hello; may I speak with Mr. Fielding, please?—Yes—oh, oh, hello, Bob? Hello, dear, this is Ruth. Yes, I'm fine, and I'm over at Nita's. Yes. Oh, Bob, things have gotten into an awful muddle over here. What's the matter? Well, wait a minute, Nita's going to tell you all about it. (*NITA takes 'phone.*)

NITA. Hello, dear—yes, we are dreadfully upset. Tell you everything? Well—here's the story. You see, I sat for my picture this morning, and I wore my mother's gown, you know. Now it seems that Aunt Lu wanted to surprise me with my wedding gift to-day, so in the little pocket of the gown she put an envelope, and in the envelope was the deed to this house and a very wonderful check. That was to be the splendid present that Aunt Lu was giving to you and me, and she planned that I was to find it when I wore the dress to-day. But I've got the dress on, and there's no paper at all in the pocket. It's simply disappeared and we haven't the faintest idea where it has gone to. What? Wait a minute.

MISS L. (*interrupting*). Don't forget to tell him, dear, that I put the paper there myself. I'm sure of it.

NITA. Aunt Lu says that she put the paper in the pocket herself. She's sure of it; and she's dreadfully disturbed about the whole thing. Ruth and I both thought that you could help us. What shall we do? What? Why—yes. Yesterday. Why—all the girls. Why, of course. Aren't you clever to have thought of all that right away? I was sure you would know what to do. Good-bye, dear—why—what—why—of course—of course I do—what—say it—why—I can't—they're all right here listening—but you know I do anyway! Good-bye, dear. (*Comes to c.*) There, darling, didn't I tell you Bob would help us? He told me just what to do, and he says he knows that the paper will turn up all right. He says that he will telephone right away and get all the girls to come over here. Then we can ask them if any of them saw it when I showed them the dress yesterday. He says that surely no one would steal it, because it would be of no use to any one, and he'll tell Mr. Sherry to stop payment on the check at once. So now don't worry any more, darling. I know everything's going to be all right.

MISS L. (*rising and kissing her*). There, there, dear, I shan't spoil your happiness by having the doldrums. You always were my little ray of sunshine anyway. Bless your heart—you are the image of your sainted mother in that dress. May you only live longer —

(Interrupted by entrance of girls, all more or less breathless, some carrying hats, some raincoats, umbrellas, etc.)

BEATRICE. Well, well, what's all the excitement? Bob telephoned me not to lose a minute, and here we are.

PHYLLIS. Yes, here we are.

RUTH (*looking out window*). Goodness, I haven't an umbrella or a raincoat and I think there's a shower coming up.

BEATRICE. Yes, there is. Mother called us back for raincoats.

PHYLLIS. Yes, she called us back.

NITA. Well, Auntie has lost a very important paper.

She put it in the pocket of this dress just before you girls came yesterday, so we wanted to ask if any of you saw any paper around when I showed you the dress in the afternoon.

RUTH. I never noticed a thing.

ALL IN CHORUS. Nor I. Not a thing. Nor I.

(*Bell rings. PATRICIA goes to door, back. Enter HILDA.*)

HILDA. Hello, everybody. Hello, girls. Am I intruding? I just met Mr. Fielding as I was on the way up, and he told me the whole story. (*To MISS LANE.*) Can I be of any help?

MISS L. Why, no, thank you just the same, but I don't see what any one can do.

HILDA (*with a little shiver*). My, but it's grown chilly. It's getting very dark and I think we'll have a storm before long. By the way, Miss Farrell, what did you do with the dress after you showed it to the girls?

NITA (*hesitates as though thinking*). Why—I—don't just—remember.

RUTH. Why, Nita, don't you know we went down the road with the girls (*Girls all nod.*), and you —

NITA. Yes, that's right. I called Patsy in and told her to hang the dress away. Perhaps she can tell us something. (*Rings. Enter PATRICIA. Very impressively.*) Now, Patsy, I want you to put your thinking cap on and try and remember about yesterday afternoon.

PATSY. Oh, but Miss, honest I told you all about that hat business, and I —

NITA. Oh, no, it's nothing more about that, Patsy. This is something quite different. Do you remember when I asked you to hang this gown away for me, after I had shown it to the girls? (*PATRICIA nods.*) Well, did you notice anything in this little pocket? (*Points to bodice.*) Any paper or envelope? (*Suggestively.*)

PATSY (*shakes head slowly as if thinking*). Why no, Miss Nita, I really can't remember —

MISS L. (*interrupting*). Here, let's have a little more light in here. It's getting so dark it makes me nervous.

I like to see people's faces when I talk to them. (*Goes to window, 1ST L., then back, and lets shades go up to limit.*) There, that's better!

PATSY (*with a start*). Oh, glory be to Peter, don't do that, Miss Lane; please don't do that!

MISS L. (*standing by window at rear, but turning in surprise*). And pray, why not?

PATSY (*in great agitation*). Well, it's not the thing to be doin' right now. I—oh, good Lord, Miss Lane, please come over here, now do. There's a good girl.

MISS L. Girl! Why, what do you mean? Have you taken leave of your senses? And pray why should I move away from my own window if I choose to stand here? I must say your actions look very queer to me, Patsy, and I'd like to know —

PATSY (*miserably*). Well, ye might get struck by lightning.

MISS L. Lightning! Why, there hasn't been a spark of lightning—nor drop of rain either. The window's wide open. I think the shower's passing over anyway.

PATSY. Well, I can't think of no other reason anyway; but I just wish that you'd come away from —

(*She is interrupted by a white object thrown in at window, striking MISS LANE squarely. All give little shriek. MISS LANE throws up hands and sinks into chair, half-fainting. Apron falls to floor. All is excitement. Exclamations from girls.*)

NITA. She's fainted! It was the shock! Get some water!

(*RUTH runs for water, HILDA bathes MISS LANE's forehead. NITA kneels by MISS LANE's side and strokes her hand. PATRICIA stands in corner R. front, picture of despair.*)

HILDA. There, there, she's all right now. It was just the shock.

(*Girls all scatter about stage.*)

NITA (*rising*). It just frightened you, Auntie; it was nothing but a bit of paper, I think. (*Picking it up.*) No, it's cloth.

MISS L. (*nervously*). Don't touch it, dear, don't touch it. It might be a bomb!

PATSY. Don't be afraid, Miss Lane, it'll never hurt ye. It's only my apron.

MISS L. (*wrathfully*). Your apron! That miserable girl! This is some more of your doings. You'll be the ruination of this house if you stay here much longer. So that's why you wanted me to move from the window. You knew this thing was going to happen. Well, what have you to say for yourself?

PATSY (*half aside*). I've got enough to say, but I'm afraid to say it!

(*Meanwhile HILDA has taken the apron. She shakes it out and sees a paper pinned to the front. Looks at PATRICIA.*)

HILDA. Why, this is the apron I returned to you this morning, Patsy. I should think after my warning you would have known enough to be more careful. There's a note pinned on it. I suppose it's for you.

MISS L. (*sarcastically*). Yes, no doubt it's from that same admirer of yours for whom you wore the hats.

(*PATRICIA nods miserably and begins to cry. Wipes eyes with corner of apron.*)

HILDA. Here, use this one. It's wrinkled already.

(*Hands PATRICIA other apron. PATRICIA sniffs, takes it, glances at note, starts in astonishment, steps into c. front.*)

PATSY. Well, may the saints preserve us, and will ye hear this from Barry: "This is a moighty poor kind of a love letter. Sure I don't want a house. I want a wife." (*Hands paper to MISS LANE. "And if ye really want to timpt me with a check, don't make it out fer annything less than a million. Barry."*)

MISS L. The deed to the house! Well, where on earth did he get it?

PATSY. Well, ye all jumped on me so I couldn't think at all, at all. I never git a chance to say a word here anyhow. (*MISS LANE throws up hands. NITA and RUTH exchange amused glances. HILDA shakes head.*) But now that ye've given me a minute to catch me breath, why I'll tell you. Now I remember that letter. I found it on the floor when I was hanging the dress away and I picked it up and put it in me apron pocket. This afternoon I had a—well, a little souvenir for Barry (the poor boy is so lonesome out there on the beat all day), so I just wrapped it up in me apron and tossed it to him from the window. I told him that when I let the shade go up that was a sign that the coast was clear and he was to toss it back to me—and—well—that's all there is to it.

MISS L. All? Well, I think that's quite enough, don't you? I've half a mind to give——

NITA. Now, Auntie dear, I don't want to make any one unhappy when it's so near my wedding day. I'm sure Patsy's learned a lesson. You will be good from now on, won't you, Patsy?

PATSY (*wrathfully*). Be good, be good. Sure, that's just what I been trying to be all this time. Sure, it looks to me that the more I'm good, the more I'm bad. I nivver know what to do.

MISS L. Well, as long as we have the deed back I suppose I'll have to forgive you, since my niece asks it, but I do hope you'll profit by this lesson and be a little more careful in the future. Come, dear (*To NITA.*), you must get out of this dress. We'll all go up-stairs for a while and the girls must all stay for a bite to repay them for their trouble in coming over here in such a hurry.

[*Exit MISS LANE, NITA and GIRLS.*]

PATSY (*sinking into a chair*). Well, well, and what a day this has been. Sure, me nerves are all of a tremble. (*Leans back and shuts eyes as if resting. Telephone rings. She answers.*) Hello, hello—yes, this is me—sure, who do you think it would be? Did we get the bundle all right? Well—I—should—say—we did! Lucky

for you I didn't wrap the souvenir in an iron case. Did it land? Oh, sure it landed fine, and say, Barry, I've decided one thing—yes, that ye'd make a much better pitcher on a ball team than you do a policeman. Yes, bad cess to ye. That's so.

(Curtain slowly falls during conversation.)

CURTAIN

THE CONJURER

A Dramatic Mystery in Three Acts

By Mansfield Scott

Author of "The Submarine Shell," "The Air-Spy," etc.

Eight male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays a full evening. Royalty for amateur performance, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 each for subsequent performances by the same company. Free for school performance. George Clifford, incapacitated for service at the front, employs his great talents as a conjurer to raise money for the soldiers. He is utilized by Inspector Steele, of the U. S. Secret Service, in a plan to discover certain foreign spies. The plan goes wrong and involves seven persons in suspicion of a serious crime. Clifford's clever unravelling of this tangled skein constitutes the thrilling plot of this play, the interest of which is curiously like that of the popular "Thirteenth Chair." This is not a "war-play" save in a very remote and indirect way, but a clever detective story of absorbing interest. Strongly recommended.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

INSPECTOR MALCOME STEELE.	DRISCOLL WELLS.
GEORGE CLIFFORD.	DOCTOR GORDON PEAK.
CAPTAIN FRANK DRUMMOND	DETECTIVE WHITE.
GLEASON.	MARION ANDERSON.
LIEUTENANT HAMILTON WAR-	EDITH ANDERSON.
WICK.	ELLEN GLEASON.
COLONEL WILLARD ANDERSON.	DOROTHY ELMSTROM.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The home of Colonel Anderson (Friday evening).

ACT II.—The office of Inspector Steele (Saturday afternoon).

ACT III.—The same as Act II (Saturday evening).

THE OTHER VOICE

A Play in One Act

By S. vK. Fairbanks

Three voices, preferably male, are employed in this little novelty which is intended to be presented upon a dark stage upon which nothing is actually visible save starlight. It was originally produced at Workshop 47, Cambridge, where its effective distillation of the essential oil of tragedy was curiously successful. An admirable item for any programme seeking variety of material and effect. Naturally no costumes nor scenery are required, save a drop carrying stars and possibly a city sky-line. Plays ten minutes only; royalty, \$5.00.

Price, 25 cents

HITTY'S SERVICE FLAG

A Comedy in Two Acts
By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Eleven female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, *an interior*. Plays an hour and a quarter. Hitty, a patriotic spinster, quite alone in the world, nevertheless hangs up a service flag in her window without any right to do so, and opens a Tea Room for the benefit of the Red Cross. She gives shelter to Stella Hassy under circumstances that close other doors against her, and offers refuge to Marjorie Winslow and her little daughter, whose father in France finally gives her the right to the flag. A strong dramatic presentation of a lovable character and an ideal patriotism. Strongly recommended, especially for women's clubs.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MEHITABLE JUDSON, *aged 70.*

LUELLA PERKINS, *aged 40.*

STASIA BROWN, *aged 40.*

MILDRED EMERSON, *aged 16.*

MARJORIE WINSLOW, *aged 25.*

BARBARA WINSLOW, *her daughter, aged 6.*

STELLA HASSY, *aged 25, but claims to be younger.*

MRS. IRVING WINSLOW, *aged 45.*

MARION WINSLOW, *her daughter, aged 20.*

MRS. ESTERBROOK, *aged 45.*

MRS. COBB, *anywhere from 40 to 60.*

THE KNITTING CLUB MEETS

A Comedy in One Act
By Helen Sherman Griffith

Nine female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, *an interior*. Plays half an hour. Eleanor will not forego luxuries nor in other ways "do her bit," putting herself before her country; but when her old enemy, Jane Rivers, comes to the Knitting Club straight from France to tell the story of her experiences, she is moved to forget her quarrel and leads them all in her sacrifices to the cause. An admirably stimulating piece, ending with a "melting pot" to which the audience may also be asked to contribute. Urged as a decided novelty in patriotic plays.

Price, 25 cents

GETTING THE RANGE

A Comedy in One Act
By Helen Sherman Griffith

Eight female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, *an exterior*. Well suited for out-of-door performances. Plays an hour and a quarter. Information of value to the enemy somehow leaks out from a frontier town and the leak cannot be found or stopped. But Captain Brooke, of the Secret Service, finally locates the offender amid a maze of false clues, in the person of a washerwoman who hangs out her clothes day after day in ways and places to give the desired information. A capital play, well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

Plays for Junior High Schools

	Males	Females	Time	Price
Sally Lunn	3	4	1 1/2 hrs.	25c
Mr. Bob	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Man from Brandon	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
A Box of Monkeys	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
A Rice Pudding	2	3	1 1/4 "	25c
Class Day	4	3	3/4 "	25c
Chums	3	2	3/4 "	25c
An Easy Mark	5	2	1 1/2 "	25c
Pa's New Housekeeper	3	2	1 "	25c
Not On the Program	3	3	3/4 "	25c
The Cool Collegians	3	4	1 1/2 "	25c
The Elopement of Ellen	4	3	2 "	35c
Tommy's Wife	3	5	1 1/2 "	35c
Johnny's New Suit	2	5	3/4 "	25c
Thirty Minutes for Refreshments	4	3	1/2 "	25c
West of Omaha	4	3	3/4 "	25c
The Flying Wedge	3	5	3/4 "	25c
My Brother's Keeper	5	3	1 1/2 "	25c
The Private Tutor	5	3	2 "	35c
Me an' Otis	5	4	2 "	25c
Up to Freddie	3	6	1 1/4 "	25c
My Cousin Timmy	2	8	1 "	25c
Aunt Abigail and the Boys	9	2	1 "	25c
Caught Out	9	2	1 1/2 "	25c
Constantine Pueblo Jones	10	4	2 "	35c
The Cricket On the Hearth	6	7	1 1/2 "	25c
The Deacon's Second Wife	6	6	2 "	35c
Five Feet of Love	5	6	1 1/2 "	25c
The Hurdy Gurdy Girl	9	9	2 "	35c
Camp Fidelity Girls	1	11	2 "	35c
Carrotty Nell		15	1 "	25c
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1 1/2 "	35c
The Clancey Kids		14	1 "	25c
The Happy Day		7	1/2 "	25c
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	1/2 "	25c
Just a Little Mistake	1	5	3/4 "	25c
The Land of Night		18	1 1/4 "	25c
Local and Long Distance	1	6	1/2 "	25c
The Original Two Bits		7	1/2 "	25c
An Outsider		7	1/2 "	25c
Oysters		6	1/2 "	25c
A Pan of Fudge		6	1/2 "	25c
A Peck of Trouble		5	1/2 "	25c
A Precious Pickle		7	1/2 "	25c
The First National Boot	7	2	1 "	25c
His Father's Son	14		1 3/4 "	35c
The Turn In the Road	9		1 1/2 "	25c
A Half Back's Interference	10		3/4 "	25c
The Revolving Wedge	5	3	1 "	25c
Mose	11	10	1 1/2 "	25c

BAKER, Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.



Plays and Novelties That Have

	Males	Females	Time	Price	Royalty
Camp Fidelity Girls		11	2 1/2 hrs.	35c	None
Anita's Trial		11	2 "	35c	"
The Farmerette		7	2 "	35c	"
Behind the Scenes		12	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The Camp Fire Girls		15	2 "	35c	"
A Case for Sherlock Holmes		10	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The House in Laurel Lane		6	1 1/2 "	25c	"
Her First Assignment		10	1 "	25c	"
I Grant You Three Wishes		14	1/2 "	25c	"
Joint Owners in Spain		4	1/2 "	35c	\$5.00
Marrying Money		4	1/2 "	25c	None
The Original Two Bits		7	1/2 "	25c	"
The Over-Alls Club		10	1/2 "	25c	"
Leave It to Polly		11	1 1/2 "	35c	"
The Rev. Peter Brice, Bachelor		7	1/2 "	25c	"
Miss Fearless & Co.		10	2 "	35c	"
A Modern Cinderella		16	1 1/2 "	35c	"
Theodore, Jr.		7	1/2 "	25c	"
Rebecca's Triumph		16	2 "	35c	"
Aboard a Slow Train in Mizzoury	8	14	2 1/2 "	35c	"
Twelve Old Maids		15	1 "	25c	"
An Awkward Squad	8		1/4 "	25c	"
The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow	8		1/2 "	25c	"
The Boy Scouts	20		2 "	35c	"
A Close Shave	6		1/2 "	25c	"
The First National Boot	7		1 "	25c	"
A Half-Back's Interference	10		3/4 "	25c	"
His Father's Son	14		1 3/4 "	35c	"
The Man With the Nose	8		3/4 "	25c	"
On the Quiet	12		1 1/2 "	35c	"
The People's Money	11		1 3/4 "	25c	"
A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy	14		1 3/4 "	35c	"
A Regular Scream	11		1 3/4 "	35c	"
Schmerrcase in School	9		1 "	25c	"
The Scoutmaster	10		2 "	35c	"
The Tramps' Convention	17		1 1/2 "	25c	"
The Turn in the Road	9		1 1/2 "	25c	"
Wanted—a Pitcher	11		1/2 "	25c	"
What They Did for Jenkins	14		2 "	25c	"
Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party	4	12	1 1/4 "	25c	"
The District School at Blueberry Corners	12	17	1 "	25c	"
The Emigrants' Party	24	10	1 "	25c	"
Miss Prim's Kindergarten	10	11	1 1/2 "	25c	"
A Pageant of History	Any number	2	"	35c	"
The Revel of the Year	"	"	3/4 "	25c	"
Scenes in the Union Depot	"	"	1 "	25c	"
Taking the Census in Bingville	14	8	1 1/2 "	25c	"
The Village Post-Office	22	20	2 "	35c	"
O'Keefe's Circuit	12	8	1 1/2 "	35c	"

BAKER, Hamilton Place. Boston, Mass.